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The Xavier Athenaeum



St. Xavier College

Cincinnati, Ohio

February, 1915

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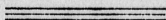
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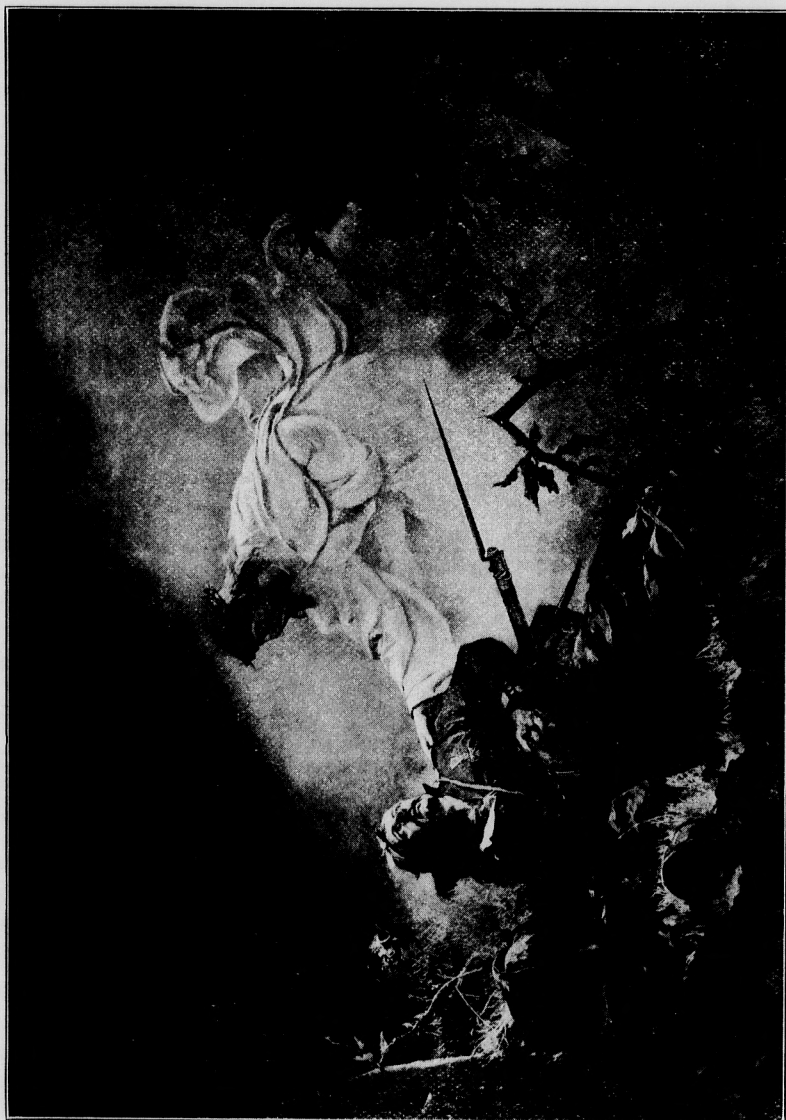
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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, FEBRUARY 1915.

No. 2.

The Last Stand.

THE swelling armies of the dead,—
Behold! they come with measured tread,
From the northern bounds of the Frankish land,
From Belgium's war-worn State,
From the reddening swirl of Vistula's strand,
From the mid-sea's eastern gate.
Filled with hate and the lust of strife,
In the lists of Mars they gave their life.

Lo! they have crossed the Great Divide;
As they take the field and march again
Slayer's hand is clasped by slain;
Foe and foe walk side by side.
Thus they pass with measured tread,—
The swelling armies of the dead—
To stand before the Great White Throne
Of Him, Whom all as Father own.

Henry T. Kenkel '15.

A Larger Army and Navy.*

NINETEEN hundred years ago the Prince of Love, heralded by a vast army of angels, came to bring peace into the world. Today the greater part of that same world is enacting an appalling tragedy of death and destruction. To the East of us, to the South of us, to the West of us hang the ominous war-clouds, the baneful exhalations of the war-god, Mars. And amidst it all, like a magnificent peak towering above the surrounding storms, stands our own country at peace. While the peoples of two-thirds of the civilized world are struggling at each other's throats, lusting for blood, fighting desperately for existence itself, our land alone enjoys tranquility. Surrounded on nearly all sides by war-crazed nations it pursues the even tenor of its way—its commerce intact, its agriculture uninterrupted, its marts of trade unimpeded. Truly we are the most blest of the peoples of the earth in that we may enjoy tranquility when practically the whole of the rest of the world is at war.

And yet, our security is insecure. It is only imagined. We of the United States are on the brink of a mighty chasm—a chasm so deep that if a misstep were made our most sacred national policies would go crashing down to ruin. We look around us at the horrible conflagration beyond the seas and on our Southern border, and we congratulate ourselves that we are one world power intact, secure. We go tranquilly on our way unmindful of the fact that if by some international folly we should be drawn into a war, the loss of our Monroe Doctrine, of our outlying possessions, and of our immense national wealth would be the penalty. That is a rather sensational statement, but it is less sensational than the facts upon which it is based.

We have heard from time to time of the condition of our fighting forces. But the reports we have dismissed with a thought. "Would any nation," we ask ourselves, "be so mad as to attack the United

* This speech was awarded the gold medal in the Annual Oratorical Contest.

States?" In our estimation we have placed our country aloft, transcending the nations of the earth, the ideal republic, impregnable, invincible. We never lost a war; and therefore we never will. American fathers teach their sons that ours is the mightiest nation on the globe—and doubtless, Roman and Carthaginian fathers told their sons the same story. No nation is invincible. Compare our standing army, a mere handful of men, with the efficient, mighty, machine-like hosts engaged in the war of today. For years our country has refused to take upon itself a just responsibility. Congress has sown appropriations on soil that yielded the richest harvest of votes; and Congress has been remiss because crystalized public opinion has not compelled it to action.

Statistics would bore you. They are accessible in almost any magazine. It is sufficient to say that our military and naval heads, year after year, in report after report, din into the unheeding ears of the nation almost unbelievable conditions on land and sea. It is probably true that our navy and army have been developed to a point of reasonable efficiency. The three hundred Spartans were efficient too, but they died and their cause was lost. If their number had been doubled or tripled the result might have been different.

On the authority of Admiral Dewey and Mr. Gardener our present fleet demands a personnel of one hundred thousand men. We have fifty thousand in the navy and eight thousand of these are in the navy militia. In other words we have forty-two thousand men to make sailors of before we can successfully mobilize our fleet. Our land strength numbers less than one hundred thousand—almost a negligible quantity in modern warfare. We have not enough field artillery to make a respectable showing in a modern battle. Our present ammunition for coast defense mortars would last half an hour; for coast defense guns, three-quarters of an hour. We have one thousand torpedoes—one torpedo for every tube we have in our navy. We have practically no air fleet. Heavy modern guns there are none. Reserve ammunition there is none. In short, our officers on land and sea tell us, and have been telling us for years, that we need men for the navy, for the coast defense, for the army; that we need artillery and ammunition to discharge that artillery; that we need great warships and their attendant vessels; that we have a sadly deficient submarine navy. This, in general, is the condition of the forces whose purpose is to defend your country, your home and your person.

The belief that we can safely depend in time of war on the State militia and the naval reserve is wrong to the point of absurdity. There are only one hundred and twenty thousand militiamen in the whole

nation. Of these, twenty-three thousand were not present last year for annual inspection; thirty-one thousand did not appear at the annual encampment; fifty-three thousand did not visit the rifle range. Is this the trained force in which you place your confidence? Could such a force be trained into a regular army after a declaration of war? The Spanish war was declared toward the end of April. One hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers were called for at once and seventy-five thousand more in May. Did these volunteers mobilize in a day or two days? Did they mobilize in a week? Some of them have not mobilized yet.

It is to the navy, however, that we must look for our chief defense—our enormous length of coast line demands it. Our deep-water harbors are defended by haphazard coast artillery. But there is nothing to prevent a hostile navy landing anywhere should it elude our fleet. To efficiently cope with a modern attacking force we need at least fifty battle-ships of the first-class with the necessary lesser units and auxiliaries. We have about half that force. And the argument that the reserve may be depended upon is again useless. Naval success demands training to a greater extent even than the army. You cannot improvise a battle-ship, or a submarine, or a torpedo, or a sailor after war breaks out.

Some of you, ladies and gentlemen, may object to an increased army and navy on the ground that we may confidently look forward to universal peace and disarmament. The Czar of Russia called the first Hague conference and a few years later was engaged in a national struggle with Japan; the Kaiser of Germany was congratulated and thanked a few years ago for preserving the peace of Europe. Today he is the foremost figure in the greatest war of centuries. Universal arbitration must fail because there are questions that cannot be arbitrated. Race questions cannot be arbitrated. Religious questions cannot be arbitrated. There are some commercial questions that cannot be arbitrated. Look forward to the millenium of love between man and man if you will. It is desirable. It will be approached, but it will not be reached. So long as there are international rights, so long will imperfect man violate them. So long as selfishness exists and anger is a possibility in the hearts of men, just so long is there probability of war between nations. A sensible increase in army and navy is not an encouragement to militarism and war. Rather it is a deterrent—a national insurance policy for peace. The Kansas farmer who digs a cyclone cellar does not wish to be compelled to use that cellar.

Why not then face the situation squarely? Our forefathers have bequeathed us a precious legacy in our freedom and our Country. Arrived at his manhood, every American assumes the responsibility of preserving that legacy in its entirety and integrity. He takes it upon himself to care for and foster the sacred principles for which his ancestors bled and died. Up to the year of Our Lord nineteen-fifteen he has maintained his trust sacred. Will he fail now? Will he suffer his birthright to be snatched up by the first greedy neighbor? Not, my friends, if he awakens to the understanding that forty-two centimeter guns and superdreadnaughts are stronger arguments than past victories and peace treaties.

CHARLES H. PURDY '17.

The Second Spring.

BACK to his ice-bound home and drear,
Before the conquering hosts of Spring,
Winter is flying in mad career.

Routed his minions on hill and mere,
Pell-mell thy go—fear lend them wing—
Back to his ice-bound home and drear.

Mark how his huge sky-galleons veer
Round and scud like a frightened thing;
Winter is flying in mad career.

Blossom and bud on tiptoe cheer,
As the breezes hurl the grim old King
Back to his ice-bound home and drear.

“Hail to the Queen!” Exultant, clear
From a thousand throats sounds her welcoming.
Winter is flying in mad career.

I have waited long; the end is near.
Soft to my soul the angels sing:
“Back to his ice-bound home and drear
Winter is flying in mad career.”

F. M. Clase '17.

World Peace.

WE, on this side of the Atlantic, are the spectators of one of the greatest dramas in the history of the world. Mankind is undergoing one of those periodic convulsions that often have such widespread and lasting effects. Far away from the embattled regions we read the daily account of human butchery, the triumphs of general staffs, and the testing of newly invented engines of destruction. We read of millions of men engaged on each side, of the killing of hundreds and thousands, of the burning of towns, and try to realize in some mean way what an unmitigated evil war is.

In other calamities where the forces of nature mock the puny efforts of man; in earthquakes and floods, fire and famine, our sympathy goes out to the unfortunate victims. We are profoundly impressed with the greatness of nature and nature's God, but we feel that we stand in the presence of a power beyond the control of man. In the present instance we do not feel that way. It may be a debatable question whether in the last analysis war does not belong to the same category, but to many earnest thinkers it does not seem so. The machinations of the diplomatists and the strenuous efforts put forth by both sides to prove themselves blameless and to lay the odium squarely on the shoulders of their opponents, lead us to believe that the cataclysm now devastating Europe is man-made. Taking this view, men are now more seriously than ever considering the question: can such awful visitations be avoided in the future, and what steps are necessary to attain that end?

Almost two thousand years have elapsed since the message of "peace on earth to men of good will" was sung on the plains of Bethlehem. Since that time this theme of "peace on earth" has been the hope of God-fearing people, of seers and poets and lovers of the race. For many centuries, however, little progress was made, owing to various causes, but with the advent of printing, of steamship and railway, of telegraph, telephone and wireless, it was hoped that this dream of the ages would become a reality.

It was not until recently that the question emerged from the academic stage of discussion, to assume what seemed a more tangible form. The problem was approached from two sides by two opposite classes. On the one side were found the men of culture and wealth, on the other the plebeian masses, and each proposed its own means to attain the same end. Among the cultured class were many well-

meaning men and women, who wished to be written among those who loved their fellow-men. Philanthropists and men of eminence identified themselves with the movement. A magnificent peace palace was erected to serve as the place of meeting for the arbitrators of the nations, the gift of a single individual. Convocations were held and plans considered. The differences of the nations were to be submitted to the tribunal of reason and justice, instead of to the brute force of the battlefield. The dawn of a new era was predicted, the dream of the poet was to be realized:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.
Where the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

The proletariat, on the other hand, under the leadership of the Socialists, proposed a more drastic method. Instead of trying to change the motives of their rulers, they decided to prevent war by refusing to supply that commodity so essential,—men. Realizing that they were ultimately the losers, whether their nation won the war or not, and that they had no influence in the formation of the foreign policies of their respective governments, they decided to call international strikes at the first outbreak of trouble, and in this way to paralyze their rulers' hands the moment they attempted to unleash the war-dogs.

These were, in substance, the methods proposed by the two classes for preventing war. While it is true that neither plan was thoroughly matured, yet, in the minds of many it seemed that they must be reckoned with. They seemed to possess some appeal, some potentiality. Their failure we need not discuss. It is so patent and crushing as to leave us almost without hope. Hope, however, "springs eternal in the human breast," so we again propound that question, asked earlier in this discussion: Can such awful visitations be averted in the future and what steps are necessary to attain that end? And we ask it with more confidence of being able to satisfactorily answer it because men profit by their mistakes.

As Christians, who believe that an omnipotent and merciful God presides over our destinies, we have no reason to abandon hope. We believe that a lasting peace is possible with God, but not despite Him. And that is in our opinion the reason for the utter failure of the attempts that have been made. The very causes upon which man relied to bring about this consummation—the great achievements in science and the advance in civilization had the effect of giving man a false notion of his powers, so that as he rose in eminence by reading the

secrets of nature he commenced to forget his Maker. The present age has justly been reproached for its materialism; the spiritual side has been neglected. A scrutiny of the countries now at war reveals the sad truth that in many places Christianity has fallen into disrepute. In some districts the lower classes must be excepted, but among the upper classes it is everywhere fashionable to assume an indifferent attitude towards religion. France, once the first daughter of the Church, has repudiated her glorious title. In Austria religious fervor is at a low ebb. Protestantism throughout has practically ceased to be a religious force. The only bright spots are the German and Irish Catholics, and they are in the minority. The spirit of the age was that man could manage this world without the assistance of God. And in this spirit the peace measures were conceived and considered. It will be remembered that at the Hague conference it was deemed advisable to exclude the Pope, the representative of God, while the Socialists have expunged the very name of God from their lexicon. And on such a foundation they expected to erect an enduring structure! The work of pacification has been another tower of Babel, and this the end—this universal confusion and bloodthirstiness. And are the nations foolishly going to try again to build another tower to Heaven on the foundations of materialism, agnosticism and pride? Or will they rather abandon the colossal failure and start anew, not on foundations of sand, but on the solid basis of Christianity and fear of God?

If a structure of this kind is to be erected it must rest not merely on the brotherhood of man but on the fatherhood of God as well. It must spring from the conviction that all men are children of one Father and that murder under whatever guise is abhorrent in His eyes. The spirit of revenge, of retaliation and cupidity find no place there, but instead the rulers of the earth may learn the wisdom of Solomon, that "he that is slow to anger is better than he that taketh a city." We cannot expect perfection in the conduct of nations whose individuals are not perfect, but if the heaven inspired spirit of "good will among men" prevails we can find other means to settle their disputes. It may therefore be safely asserted that if we are to erect an enduring structure of peace it must rest on the foundation of Christian charity and its cornerstone must be the Prince of Peace.

LAWRENCE STELTENPOHL '16.

The Shadow of the Hand.

TELL me, old friend, whose days are almost spent—
You who have struggled valiantly and strong—
Did you, as I do, weigh and ponder long
Whither His grace was leading, wherefore sent?
Did shifting doubts perplex you ere your choice
Was made? Your heart one day aglow with love,
The next day chill, afraid, the while you strove
To catch the message of a silent Voice?

Long hours—yea, and weary, too, they be
That vex and drive from me my sweet repose.
And now 'tis clear; anon 'tis dark again,
Like crest and trough of fretful, heaving sea.
My soul 's in travail—"Courage, friend. He knows.
Sweeter your peace shall be for all the pain."

Joseph W. Brockman '16.

Out of the Mouths of Sucklings.

JIM Egan's "drunks" excited no harsher feeling than pity. Many a time Patrolman Carey went out of his way to bring him home. Even the street gamin never made fun of him. No one could who knew his story; and they all knew it. For Jim had been a lad of splendid promise—a kind of parish idol—only a few years back. The old folks held him up for the imitation of the boys, and many a maid secretly envied Mary Connell the day that she and Jim were married down at St. Ann's. Those were happy days for Jim. He was working up rapidly with the Big Four and was regarded as assistant pastor to Fr. Logan. His devotion to Mary and her devotion to him made home another heaven to Jim, especially after little Jimmie came.

Then the blow fell. One calm October evening, about a month after the baby was born, Mary kissed her little boy for the last time and passed quietly into the Great Beyond. I guess Jim never really knew much about those first few days. He was terribly quiet—sort of dazed, like he was trying to figure it all out. Sympathy just poured in on him, but you could see he took no notice of it. He hardly spoke a word until the funeral was over, but none of those who were there will ever forget the cry he gave when Fr. Logan finished the prayers, and Mary's mother put his baby in his arms.

The change came gradually. He kept entirely to himself, and it was a full month or more before it began to leak out that he was drinking. We all thought it would pass as soon as he came to himself. I suppose it would, except that men like Jim take a long time to forget. When he did wake up the habit had him strong and his efforts to get back were pitiful. But I tell you it was a fine thing to see the way the neighbors never forgot the old Jim—the sympathy of the women, the kindness of the men, the hopeful patience of Fr. Logan, and, best of all, the scheming of the kids to keep little Jimmy from knowing his father's failing.

Poor little Jimmy! why shouldn't he believe the words of Aunt Mary that "papa was sick," when of an evening, long after supper was over, his daddy would come home and lean heavily on Uncle Frank's arm as he went up to his room? He alone, of all who knew his father, didn't know what made his papa sick. Terry Malloy had warned the boys that if any one of them ever told Jimmy his father got drunk:

"I'll take it out o' that guy. And don't you forget that, either." There was just one thing could stop Jim when the spell was on, and that was to ask about the little fellow. But most of us were too chicken-hearted to do that very often. It simply flattened him. The one bright spot in those seven years—and it was Fr. Logan's rock of hope—was Jim's mother-love for his boy.

Of course Jim's on his feet again. I wouldn't be telling this if he weren't. Jimmy's been at the seminary for some years. He's going to be priested in May. Sure; he's the one who gave his daddy the big lift. It was the last day of school before Christmas. Fr. Logan had sprung a surprise on the children by letting them off at half past one. Boys and girls of all sizes were tumbling down the steps and through the gate. It was Jimmy's first year at school and Joe Dooley, a fourth grade boy, used to take him home every evening. Jimmy finally caught sight of him and made for him with a yell. I guess if Joe hadn't made a big mistake Jim might still be drawing on the sympathy of the parish. The lad had spied Jim across the street in one of his "spells," and, instead of running away with Jimmy, as he ought to have done, he started over. Jimmy's eye followed him, and with another shout of joy he made for his daddy. A terrified cry of warning, a frenzied blast from an automobile horn, one second of awful stillness—and then a rush from both sidewalks. They put the poor little fellow into Tom Lane's car and took him to the Good Samaritan Hospital.

He was pretty badly hurt—a broken hip-bone—and the pain was terrific, but Jimmie never whimpered. The bone was to be set the next day. They gave him morphine and he slept fitfully until daylight. When they were getting ready to take him to the operating room, he turned to the nurse and said slowly: "Nurse, I know what you put into my arm with that needle, that made me go to sleep. Please don't do that any more. I hate that stuff—that dope, I mean."

Everything was ready in the operating room. Jimmy's father, he was told, was not well enough to be there. In reality he was just outside the door, too ashamed to face the lad, who, he felt sure, must know now what kind of "sickness" ailed him. Fr. Logan and he were talking in whispers. They could hear the conversation going on in the operating room.

"Now, my brave little lad," said the house surgeon, "just let the nurse hold this tube to your mouth and nostrils. Take a few, deep breaths, and when you wake up, you'll be almost as good as new."

"No, I won't," spoke up Jimmie; and it sounded final. "I ain't going to take any of that dope."

"But you must, my dear;" this time it was the gentle voice of Sister Dominica. "It won't hurt you a bit. And you can't stand the pain unless you do take it."

"Yes, I can," persisted Jimmie firmly. "You just go ahead. I ain't afraid."

They all took a hand at trying to persuade the game little lad, but they couldn't budge him. Finally, the two out in the corridor heard him say:

"No; I ain't going to take it. Terry Malloy told me his father said, when he had his foot smashed they gave him dope and it made him feel like he was drunk, and I ain't ever going to be like that. You go ahead. If it hurts too much, I'll sing."

Poor Jim! His face went white as the wall, and he slunk down the corridor, mumbling, "just like he was drunk. I ain't ever going to be like that." One of the Sisters met him and noted his face. She knew his story and she was afraid he was going out to drown his sorrow. With the tact these hospital nuns have she held him for a good five minutes—had him almost normal when a child's treble came quavering out of the operating room. That was too much for Jim. He brushed past the nun and hurried down the stairs. Poor Jim! He didn't know that a few words from Fr. Logan had settled Jimmie's scruples, and he was singing under the influence of the anaesthetic.

* * * *

I don't know where Jim spent that day, but I happened to be passing Fr. Logan's house at seven o'clock and I saw a man coming down the steps. Say, I stopped dead, like I'd seen a ghost. It was Jim Egan—not the Jim we'd grown used to seeing. He had slipped off the last seven years like I would a coat. His pace was firm, shoulders squared, head up, the old set of the jaw;—his face had some tell-tale lines, but I knew without looking twice that Jim Egan had "got back." He went straight to the Good Samaritan, made a few inquiries at the door, and then Sister Dominica led the way to Jimmie's room. The little fellow had stood the "dope" exceptionally well. He could be seen for just a little while. His moaning changed to a cry of joy as Jim entered the room:

"Why, papa," he said, "they told me you were sick. I'm glad you are well again."

Jim looked steadily into the lad's eyes, searching for the passing of a shadow that would tell him Jimmie was not saying what he meant. The gaze was just as steadily returned from the calm blue eyes—they were Mary's eyes—and Jim Egan knew that they hid nothing from him. He was still her baby's hero. And the knowledge was so sweet it was a pain. A load left his heart; new light lit up his eyes; from his face the lines melted as though *she* had bent from heaven and brushed them away. When he spoke, there was a thrill in his voice, that made Aunt Mary, who had been watching him furtively, reach hastily for her handkerchief, and her silent tears were a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Yes, my brave boy," he said slowly. "I have been sick—very sick. But I've just come from the doctor. He thinks—and I'm sure that my spells have left me for good. Hurry up and get well, Jimmie boy. You and daddy are going to have some good times together."

J. PAUL SPAETH '17.

Carpe Diem.

THERE is only one day we live—
 Today!
 There is only one day to give
 The Master His loving due.
 There is only one day
 To labor and pray—
 Today!

'Tis a craven's part to sorrow
 O'er the wreck of days gone by;
 Dream not of a brave tomorrow,
 Tonight, who knows? we die.

So, today is the day to give
 The loving Master His due.
 Labor, pray,
 Now,—today!
 For today is the day we live.

Alphonse P. Von der Ahe '16.

A Fool There Was.

I'M a trifle vexed at a lad I'm acquainted with—
You know, of course, the run of his grain—
Glib of tongue, but sadly tainted with
Double conceit, thought paralysis,
Sclerosis of brain.
Some day I expect his head to shatter
From gaseous oppression and mental decay;
I'm willing to wager a rough analysis
Of the cerebral matter
Of this young stripling
Will run this way:
One grain of O. Henry, another of Kipling;
A few stray bars from a catchy chorus;
A thousand microbes from Governor Morris
And Harold McGrath;
Layers of dust from George Barr McCutcheon.
Not a trace of Thackeray, Dickens or Scott
In the whole dry rot,
But plenty of germs from those that spin—
Laughing at decency, flaunting sin—
Joyriding down the "shady" path
With the high-speed clutch in.

* * * *

Go ahead, shallow Pate! Wink both eyes;
Tongue in your cheek, knowing nod.
Angels are looking in sad surprise
At your weird cartoon of the image of God.

J. R. Owen '17.

The Duty of Veracity.

“Wer einmal lügt, dem glaubt man nicht,
Und wenn er auch die Wahrheit spricht.”

This German axiom which in substance is equivalent to saying that membership in the Ananias Club is perpetual and the initiation fee is one lie, is a succinct and comprehensive statement of one reason why a lie is intrinsically wrong. “He who lies once we never believe again—even when he is telling the truth”—states concisely and precisely why a falsehood is against the natural law, i. e., why it is always wrong and never right.

Reflection on the above axiom will show us that as one lie destroys all confidence in any one person, so if any one occasion for lying were allowed to men in general all confidence would likewise be destroyed, since we could never know when the permission or right of lying was being asserted and when not. Such a condition of things would evidently be against what God intended in human nature. The faculty of speech or the power of manifesting one's thoughts in outward signs was intended and ordained for truth. No other reason for its existence is thinkable, save perhaps falsehood and pleasure. Falsehood is the absence of something, of the conformity that is due between the thought and the expression of the thought, and surely speech cannot have been given to bring about such a lack. Pleasure though it may be the object of vocal sounds, as in singing, is not the object of speech that conveys thought.

What further adds to the preposterousness of falsehood is the fact that speech is the means of making known to other persons that which ought to be known, and which cannot otherwise become known at least naturally and directly. Thus it is absolutely necessary for the observance of justice and the maintenance of human society that we be able to communicate with one another with confidence. For this end speech is necessary, and for speech to convey truth confidentially it is necessary that the lie be intrinsically evil. Reverence for the sacredness of truth and the recognition of veracity as a virtue (both in practice and in theory) enter into the substructure of human society and make justice possible. A lie which is justified at any time or justified by any circumstances destroys this reverence for the sacredness of truth. Surely the sole logical conclusion will be that the lie is intrinsically wrong.

Counter to the above reasoning we can also show that the manifestation of some truth may itself be an act of injustice, and should not be made; and therein lies a difficulty. How to reconcile the intrinsic evil inherent in a lie with the bounden duty of concealing true facts whose disclosure would be an injustice to another is an old problem in ethics.

Teaching upon the subject can in general be divided into two schools: the one maintaining that false speech is not intrinsically evil, as when Grotius contends that there is no lie except when the false statement is "in conflict with the existing and abiding right of the person spoken to;" and the school which upholds the intrinsic evil of the falsehood and gives as the definition of the lie "speech against the mind."

The first of these opinions is practically untenable, for "an untruth turns not on another's right, but on the exigency of the speaker's own nature calling for the concord of the word signifying with the word signified, and this exigency never varies." But the definition of the lie as speech against the mind is confronted with the obstacle mentioned before, namely the necessity of keeping a secret. That it is lawful to conceal the truth and even sometimes necessary is admitted. Before God there can be no secrecy, but some privileged knowledge is not due to man and it is sometimes a sacred duty to conceal what is known to the mind, for some matters are of concern only to oneself, or at any rate not the concern of all. Thus one's own private affairs and what one finds out about the private affairs of others are natural secrets, and there is indeed an obligation to keep a natural secret which concerns another, for everyone has the right of privacy in those things which concern himself alone. The promise not to reveal such knowledge adds a further obligation not to divulge the secret. (About this, though, we must remember that the natural secret even when under promise must not be concealed from those who have the right to take cognizance of such matters as are concerned in the secret.) A doctor has secrets to keep because the information that is conveyed to him is so done with the tacit understanding that he is not to reveal it. Human legislation authorizes this concealment even in the court of law,—though at times justice may require a divulgence, as when the public good or the good of a third party is endangered. A priest has secrets to keep under the most sacred and solemn obligation. In his case besides human legislation authorizing his concealing this information in the court, Divine law forbids him to manifest it at all.

Were it only a matter of keeping silence in order to preserve intact incommunicable secrets, there would be no difficulty. But it is not only that, for in many cases silence would be downright betrayal. Silence can be inferred to give assent to any imputation that is made since contradiction would surely not be withheld if to speak entailed no scruples. Silence and the plain truth cannot therefore be used at all times. In such times the use of various emergency measures is allowed. These include equivocation, a word or a form of words containing a true meaning which we intend the words to bear, but also another meaning not true in which the words may be taken. It is a play upon words, not wrong in itself, but calculated to make one feared and mistrusted. A second method is evasion. If one who should be at the office or school at 9 a. m. only boards the car at that hour and is further delayed by a broken trolley wire, he can with perfect truth answer the query "What makes you late?" by saying that a wire was down. His answer would be lacking in candor, yet he has not told a lie. To say the same, meaning that some barbed wire or telephone wire was down would be an unjustified use of a third emergency measure known as mental reservation, which is employed when a clever equivocation or evasion which would serve to throw the questioner off the scent is not available. A mental reservation consists in putting on the words in our own minds a restriction which is not expressed in the words as they are spoken. A purely mental restriction is had when the restriction placed on the meaning of the words could not be known or suspected by the questioner. Thus if the prefect of studies were to ask, "Been to mass?" (meaning that morning) and the one asked were to answer "Yes, sir," (meaning "I was last Sunday") he would be robbing himself of the virtue of candor. For his answer does not really differ from a lie. A second permissible kind of mental reservation is illustrated by the formulas "I don't know" or "Not at home." For instance if a doctor is asked a question which infringes on the rights of a patient and answers "I don't know," the meaning one should take and most likely will take is "I don't know for you." Likewise "Not at home" is a phrase which is not to be taken too literally. It has come to have a meaning which strictly does not belong to the words. Similarly the "Not guilty" of the courtroom.

With silence, equivocation, evasion and mental reservation available we have a very workable system that will keep us from ever having to tell a lie. But the responsibility has to be thrown on each one's judgment to determine just how far he can go in the use of the above mentioned means. Now it is very easy to make a mistake in

judgment. Consequently the fewer occasions we have for judging the right or wrongness of the use of the aforementioned means the fewer mistakes we will make. For that reason it will be good to remember what Shakespeare said was the parting advice of Polonius to his son Laertes—"Give every man thine ear, but few thy word"—i. e. make no imprudent promises to keep other people's secrets. It is best to make use as little as possible of those means which are allowed but which nevertheless militate against our acquiring confidence from others. We should make our standard of action as high as possible and follow our conscience (if it is not dulled) rather than our reason. Of Philip Neri it is said, and the same can be said of almost every man: "He avoided, as much as possible, having anything to do with two-faced persons, who did not go simply and straightforwardly to work in their transactions. As for liars he could not endure them and he was continuously reminding his spiritual children, to avoid them as they would a pestilence."

Even a liar will endorse these sentiments. Here, then, the advice of Polonius is again fitting. That keen old fogey realized the need of commanding respect and meriting the confidence of others. His last words to his departing son were these:

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

WILLIAM M. STIENE '15.

Triumph's Failure.

BEFORE his vivid canvas Art's pet genius stood
And viewed his noblest concept clothed in wondrous hues:
A joyous Mother fondling close Her first-born Babe,
A smile upon her lips more sweet than morning dews.

Wistful he gazed, and as he gazed grew sad: "Alas!"
He mused, "methought my brush could picture mystery.
Ah! Mother-Maid, it needs an angel's touch to limn
Thy Motherhood Divine and fair Virginity."

Otto J. Herrmann '17.

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Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, FEBRUARY 1915.

No. 2.

CENTENARIES IN 1915.

The year of our Lord 1915 marks the hundredth anniversary of many world-famed events. Added interest is lent to the centennials from the fact that the affairs they recall have a close, direct bearing on present day happenings. Many seeds of statesmanship, civilization and militarism sown in 1815 are realizing their fruitful maturity now.

One hundred years ago the armies of Wellington and Blucher and Napoleon were bivouacked in a line extending about fifteen miles from Ostend through Brussels to Liege and the eastern part of Belgium. Today the forces of French and Joffre and Wilhelm occupy practically the same ground in freshly turned trenches. And the relation of Waterloo to the present conflict far more than merely topographical.

An event probably more important in its results than Waterloo, however, took place on April first when Count Otto Von Bismarck was born. It was this remarkable man who overthrew the military prestige of France, caused the establishment of the new German empire and inflicted the Alsace-Lorraine wound which France is now trying to heal. He effected the triple alliance, brought German industries to the front by protective tariffs and began the work of building the German army into the wonderful machine it is today.

One hundred years ago John Bull was leagued with Prussia against France. Today it is John Bull and France and some others

against Germany. We wonder if the man who was born on April Fool Day, 1815, will prove John Bull's undoing, even as Blucher proved his salvation.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS.

Three years ago we put our country in the hands of an educator. As President of Princeton Mr. Wilson was eminently successful. As President of the United States his success lies somewhat open to debate. There is a wide variance of opinion. And much is claimed from both sides.

But to one act of the legislative programme we are inclined to give quite a bit of applause. It is the Federal Reserve Bank Act.

All of us remember 1907. Some of us remember '93. Perhaps there are a few hazy recollections of '73. Such disturbances as crises are annoying to say the least. Each of the above was caused by contraction in the currency.

The Reserve Act itself is a model of legislative activity. It is exhaustive in its entirety and minute in its attention to detail. To give an outline of the whole law would be impossible in this space. Two of its features, however, are saliently noteworthy. They are its system of rediscount and its effect of elasticity.

Formerly, when the business man gave his note to his bank, his ensuing lack of collateral made a further loan impossible. Consequently if his venture was not a paying one or one that required a further increase in capital, Mr. Investor was at the end of his tether. Under the present arrangement, however, provided he can convince his banker that an increased capital will make the investment pay, or that a different investment will be successful, his original note may be rediscounted to the Reserve Bank and another loan made. The result is evidently a spur to investments. The business man is afforded two chances to place his capital where formerly he had one.

Inelasticity has heretofore been one of our prime causes for financial unrest. Some sections of the country stand in need of a large amount of money at certain times in the year. At crop-moving time immense sums are taken from the East to the South and West. Population and trade are other factors subjecting the demand for money to fluctuation.

How to meet the periodical needs and at the same time prevent inflation has been the puzzle. National bank notes have been practically the only remedy. And they have never been equal to the occasion. National banks alone have issued notes because the ten per

cent. tax has practically prohibited state and private bank issues. Such national notes had to be secured in full by government bonds. The latter are a conservative investment. But they are also unprofitable and are annually becoming more so. On June 30, 1912, none of the interest bearing debt of the United States paid more than four per cent. It was not to the financial advantage of the national banks then to invest heavily in government bonds so as to make further note issues possible. There was an especial reluctance in times of stringency when other extraordinary favorable investments were offered. So that many banks drew their circulation down to the minimum required by law.

Under the reserve system the rediscount mentioned above will be one step towards elasticity. A further provision for Federal reserve notes make contraction practically impossible. "Any Federal reserve bank may make application to the local Federal reserve agent for such amount of the Federal reserve notes herein provided for as it may require." (Sec. 16.) Collateral, equal in amount to the sum of the notes, shall be the notes and bills accepted for rediscount.

The continued issuance of national bank notes together with the system of rediscounting and the reserve note issues should surely aid in great measure towards elasticity.

So much for the Federal reserve act. It has put the entire resources of the country at the command of the business man. It has evolved a democracy of credit. It has abolished the need of rural credit legislation. It has given the farmer independence.

In consequence of which the Democratic wind-heaters in the next campaign might gain in effect by changing the somewhat doubtful "Thank God for Wilson!" to "Thank goodness for Wilson's currency act!"

THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS.

When most of us editors were about four years old our fathers went out hunting Spaniards and came home with a white elephant. As a rule such animals are docile. But at present our particular mammal, disturbed and annoyed by one Ricarte, a professional revolutionist, is in a state of perturbation. This unrest, though comparatively trivial, brings home to us the fact that our elephant is white and that we have a duty towards it. So say our wise men.

Before the tolls-repeal legislation cast it into temporary obscurity the bill for Philippine independence occupied the centre of the Congressional stage. In accord with the Baltimore platform Mr. Jones,

of Virginia, proposed to guarantee the Philippines their liberty within a very short time. There is no doubt that the Jones bill will take a prominent part in coming legislation.

It were plagiarism to rehash all the convincing arguments against the Jones bill. Outside of Mr. Jones himself and the somewhat radical Mr. Quezon we doubt if there are many minds that take the bill seriously. We have miles of certified statistics showing that the Filipinos are totally unfit for self-government. As one native said to Mr. Taft, "Your steamers would not be around Corregidor Island before the throat cutting would begin." A minority rule with a Filipino Diaz would be the consequence of immediate freedom. The plank in the Baltimore platform, if its fulfillment would be detrimental to the country, should be disregarded. It would be both unethical and inexpedient to commit suicide because one has promised to do so.

Today we are masters of the Pacific—the battleground of the future. The Philippines are the final link in the chain of defenses we have forged across this ocean. Awakened Japan and awakening China will inevitably dispute our claim to supremacy in those waters. The dispute may be commercial. But a struggle for commercial power is generally settled by the final arbiter.

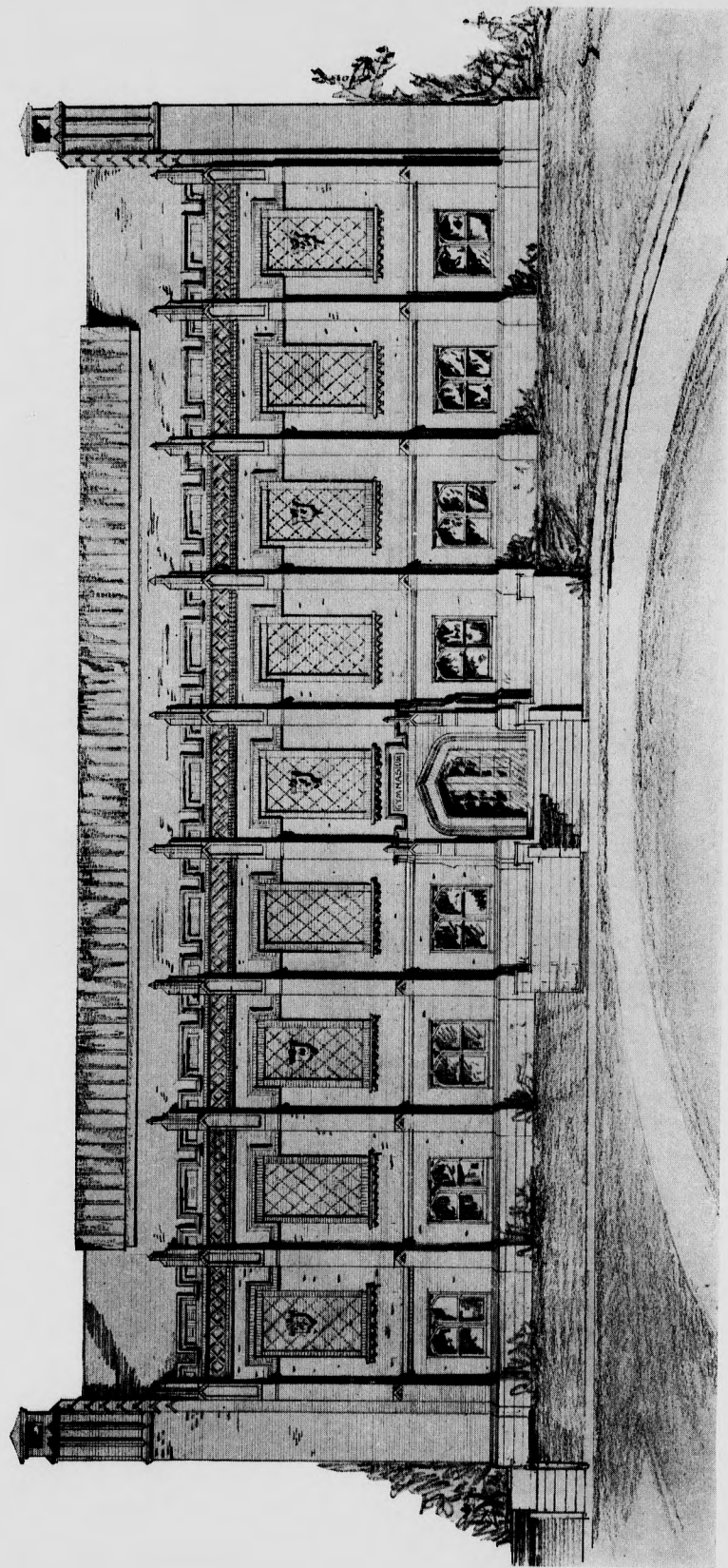
In case of an offensive war against an Oriental country, nothing could be more propitious than ownership of the Philippines as a naval base. In case of a defensive war their possession by the enemy certainly would not help us any. In peace they can be developed, as England's colonies are, for their natural resources. It is an indisputable fact that they can pay for themselves.

It would not be at all illogical then to make our possession permanent. Men say that such a proceeding would not be in accord with the principles of American liberty. Possibly not. But it is in accord with the principles of foresight and sound sense. Were we to free them now or in the near future we would practically transfer their ownership to the first nation that considered them a valuable adjunct of territory. No public man has advised permanent retention decidedly. But public men have the faculty of saying what custom and their constituents demand of them.

There is nothing repugnant to reason or fair-play in the idea of permanent possession. As a source of military and financial strength the islands present a welcome opportunity to the United States. If India is profitable to England, there is no reason why our country should suffer by the retention of the Philippines.

CHARLES H. PURDY '15.





THE PROPOSED NEW GYMNASIUM AT AVONDALE.



Alumni Notes



On November 19th the **Rev. Francis Xavier Foss, S. J.**, died in Toledo. He was born on March 26, 1879, and entered St. Xavier College twelve years later. At the end of his Sophomore year he joined the Society of Jesus, and after the usual period of study and teaching, was ordained priest in St. Louis June 27, 1912. God took him just as he had completed the full course of Jesuit training. Fr. Foss was a man of deep piety and broad sympathy. He will long be remembered by those who knew him best for the perfection he reached in the science of self-forgetting.

General Lewis Seasongood, one of Cincinnati's foremost capitalists and philanthropists, passed away at the Royal Palace Hotel, Atlantic City, on November 29. He came to Cincinnati in 1851 and entered St. Xavier College soon after. His rise in the world of finance was rapid, and at his death his fortune was rated at several millions. Though not a Catholic he retained through life his affection for his Alma Mater, and until the end was a prominent figure in the Alumni Association. He was a man of great mental ability, honest to extremes, and the general mourning in business circles when the news of his death came testified to his genial, benevolent nature.

The **Jubilee Committee** has been very busy during the past months. A fine collection of pictures of the buildings that will make the new St. Xavier one of the finest colleges in the West will be sent to the members of the Alumni Association in the near future.

At the January meeting of the Association the following **officers were elected**: President, Joseph B. Verkamp; Vice-President, William Rieckelman; Secretary, Clarence E. Spraul; Financial Secretary, Alphonse B. Nurre; Treasurer, William J. Manley; Historian, Dr. Henry R. Carroll; Executive Committee: Walter S. Schmidt, Denis F. Cash, William A. Geoghegan, John H. Rielag and William C. Wolking.

On December 31, Mr. Ledyard Lincoln, who attended St. Xavier from 1873 to 1880, passed away at his home on Grandin road. The strong spirit of piety and generosity that made him beloved of his fellows during his college days remained with him to the end. He was buried from St. Xavier Church on January 4.

A Great Soul in Conflict.

A Critical Study of Shakespeare's Master-Work.

By SIMON A. BLACKMORE, S. J.,
Professor of English Literature in Campion College.

Shakespeare, Thomas Aquinas and Ignatius Loyola—truly this is something new in Shakespeare literature. Fr. Blackmore has not canonized the Bard of Avon; he has not even tried to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic. But he has given us a new and unusual work. His analysis of the Master-work of the Master-dramatist is unique. Hitherto criticism of Shakespeare has been almost entirely aesthetic. The book before us is really a critique based upon St. Thomas' doctrine of temptation and the ascetic principles of St. Ignatius. "The burden of the work is to show how evil spirits tempt the hero by means of his ruling passion. In the conflict he is held up as a universal type of every Christian in personal combat with moral evil."

Yet while the main object of the book is to portray the religious and moral aspects of Macbeth, it has high aesthetic value. Characters and dramatic motives are subjected to keen analysis; the historic setting of the drama is clearly depicted, and the social and religious conditions of the Poet's day, his views and sentiments, his friendships and antipathies are interestingly told. To our mind "A Great Soul in Conflict" is a book that should be at hand for reference in all Catholic colleges and academies.

Exchanges.

The last issue of the **Labarum** is well worthy of favorable comment. The verse is uniformly good; "A Lost Friend" has probably the deepest sentiment; "Resignation" is a delightful lyric; "Dreams," a pretty bit of optimism; "October" and "A Winter's Twilight" are two cheery little descriptive pieces. While all the stories are interesting and deserve high credit, the "prettiest tale of all" 'to our mind is "Opus 27, No. 2." The rather unusual title forecasts nothing of the beauty and sympathy of the story. Its tender sentiment and pathos are a fitting garb to clothe that true appreciation of music which the story reveals. The estimate of Correggio and his works, confirms us in the opinion, got from the general tone of the magazine, that the fine arts are justly appreciated by the students of Mount St. Joseph. There is but one suggestion to make, which we think would be welcomed by many readers of the **Labarum**. We feel certain that something in the lighter vein,—a touch of humor,—plaisanterie, would add a little sparkle and vivacity to a magazine, which, we must admit, has little room for improvement.

We always take up the **Collegian** with the same calm assurance that a menu card on an ocean liner inspires in a good "sailor." We know beforehand that excellence and variety await our choosing. We don't choose. Gormand-wise we "put away" everything on the bill-o'-fare. And then we sigh for more. Let's drop the cuisine metaphor. We mentioned above that the **Collegian** has variety and excellence. Verse and prose, grave and gay, essays, stories, chronicles, athletic notes—all are readable; all are characterized by a touch that is surer, by a grasp that is more mature than one ordinarily meets in College Magazines. The **Collegian** features its short stories—the "bogie" of the college editor. And they are features. Two or three of the Staff have mastered the technique of the short story very well. The plots are well conceived, the tale is well told, in spite of the many and obvious "tricks of the trade." There is, perhaps, as some Exchanges have pointed out, a little pushing forward of the "Ego" now and then. We are inclined to think that this is only the natural joy that comes with the first flush of conscious power. To our mind the one great defect in the **Collegian's** stories is that so much real ability should be wasted on such strange subject matter. There is too much prize-ring, too much—apparent—familiarity with the unlovable side of life. Kipling may have "immortalized" the lower strata of humanity, but Kip-

ling is a clever pagan. We would like to see Francis Xavier Delaney and his confreres lend their skill to the short-story-apostolate of one Francis Xavier Finnegan.

When a college magazine contains a poem as beautiful as the "Prince of Peace," it surely ought not to go unnoticed. **St. Mary's Sentinel**, accordingly finds its place in the Athenaeum. Besides this delightful poem there are two others worthy of note: "New Years," which forcibly brings out its moral; and the "Lessons of Life," a rather lengthy piece which reveals not only deep thought but a happy mode of expression. Of the short stories, "The Spirit Forgiving" ought to be ranked with the best of College Magazines of the year. The other two stories are, to say the least, novel. They are interesting, too, and well-planned but they lack that action and crispness which less lengthy stories possess.

The Champion did well to open its January number with "Our Lady's Song." The beauty of the poem is undeniable; its thought is tender, its sympathy deep, its rythm graceful. The other poetry is well worthy of comment. "Christmas Eve" and "Holy Night" breathe the spirit of the season. "The First Snow" is a vivid description. "Rejoice" and "The Infant" are pleasing adaptations of the triolet and rondeau. "The Conspiracy," "Christmas Preliminaries" and "Santa Claus in Disguise" are the right kind of Christmas stories; any one of them would do honor to several of the "big" magazines, whose writers seem to have forgotten the real meaning of that feast. The general plan of the **Champion** is worthy of attention. From cover to cover it easily satisfies the critical. There is seriousness and there is humor, both in the proper proportion. There is variety, too, and interest and charm.

ALPHONSE R. VON DER AHE. '16.



Chronicle



Sophomore-Freshman Football Game.

On November 12 Sophomore and Freshman met in deadly conflict on the gridiron. The Freshmen assembled at the College and rode in autos to the Avondale campus. The machines, decked with gay streamers, were taxed to their full capacity with rooters, and Freshie warriors clad in football armor. Pennants of gold and maroon waved and shone in the golden autumn sunshine. The Sophomore gladiators and their deep-voiced contingent with the Sophomore green and gold flying conspicuously, took the field first. When the Freshmen and the Freshman squad appeared on the scene of action, the din was doubled, and remained doubled till the mighty combat was over.

Before a large and tumultuous throng the game was started. The play was fast and furious. At the end of the first half there had been no score. The heavy Sophomores were surprised by the dogged resistance and plucky attack of the light Freshies. The latter were more determined by their success, the Sophs more desperate by this unlooked for stiff opposition, and the battle was resumed with even greater ferocity.

During the second half Wurzelbacher, Thoman, J. Sebastiani and big "Steve" were a bulwark unto the Sophs and woe unto the Freshies. The Freshies worked as one man and all fought well—and viciously. However, Shiels, Conway, Heitker, Butler and little "Chippy" Normile deserve special mention. At the end of the struggle the count stood at 19 to 6.

The rooting on both sides was as riotous and antagonistic as the game was fierce, but for all that, after hostilities, Sophomores and Freshmen, rooters and battlers, all convened in friendly unison over the festive board at the Dennison Hotel. The Soph-Freshman football game is an annual affair. The banquet was an innovation, which it is hoped will also become a custom.

Rev. J. P. Morrissey, S. J., Professor of Economics and Science at the College, spoke before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society in O. M. I. Auditorium on the evening of December 10. Fr. Morrissey dwelt especially upon the recently discovered ninth satellite, and ex-

plained fully and interestingly details connected with it. The new planet was first observed on July 21 of the past year at Lick Observatory in California and encircles Jupiter every three years. Prof. Morrissey is a member of the Cincinnati Astronomical Society.

On Friday afternoon, December 18, the college and high-school departments assembled in Memorial Hall and were served a rare treat in the form of a talk on Greece. **Rev. Don Daniel Quinn**, of St. Vincent de Paul Church, Sedamsville, was the lecturer. Dr. Quinn spent nine years in Greece, and knew whereof he spoke. His remarks were principally confined to the Greece of today, her customs, institutions and ancient structures. It were vain, indeed, to say that the afternoon's entertainment was interesting. It was captivating and immensely educational, and necessarily appealed in an especial manner to all students familiar with Grecian history and the old Greek classics.

All precedent was broken and the **annual contest in oratory** was held in Memorial Hall before the holidays, on December 16. Charles Purdy, '15, was proclaimed winner by a unanimous vote of the judges. His speech, entitled "A Larger Army and Navy," was an excellent composition, logically and tactfully worked up to an uncompromising climax. We have never heard Cicero, of course, but judging merely from all the encomiums we have read of his wonderful forensic eloquence, we are inclined to believe that Marcus Tullius was an orator of much the same caliber as Purdy. The high standard set in previous years was gloriously upheld if not surpassed by the seven contestants of 1914.

Every student in the College was overjoyed when the College authorities announced that **no competition** would be held **before Christmas**. The old method called for readjustment and has been changed. The new legislation eliminates the December and February competitions and substitutes a mid-year examination for January. However, the pre-Christmas jubilation has been diminished perceptibly, now that the holidays have fled and the chill, dreary "exams" stare us in the face. To be sure nobody's Christmas was marred by an unfortunate December competition, but then had the old system not been abolished, things would not stand now as they do and competitions are not examinations by any sight.

The **Catechetical Essay** was written on January 22. The subject, "Why I am a Christian," is certainly one on which all Catholics, and

especially our College graduates, should be thoroughly versed. A more interesting and timely topic could not have been selected.

Freshmen come forth with the statement that they **will stage a play** in the near future. Plans have practically been completed. The date has not been set and though the play has been chosen, the Freshmen refuse to publish its name.

Mr. Archie Leon French entertained the students with his stock of comedy and ventriloquism in Memorial Hall on January 8. Seldom have we heard a better ventriloquist. He mimicked everything, from the squeak of a butcher's saw to the rampant chords of a German band. He imitated the songs of the feathered tribe perfectly and delightfully. Many a time and oft have we listened to human beings that squeal hoggishly, but Mr. French has them all surpassed. That the performance was well received was amply manifested by the boisterous and almost continued laughter of the audience.

At the **February Assembly** highest honors in the various classes were merited by the following: Sophomore, Joseph Brockman; Freshman, Otto Herman; Fourth High, Herbert Wuest; Third High A, Harold Thorburn; Third High B, Harry Imbus; Second High A, Vincent Latscha; Second High B, Edward Frecking; First High A, George Lamott; Third High B, Albert Broering; First High C, Bernard Froehle. **Avondale:** Fourth High, Joseph McCarthy; Third High, Alphonse Lammeier, Second High, Joseph O'Meara; First High, John Grause and Raymond Kunkel.

The debates in the **Philopedian Society** during the past semester have been well prepared and spirited. The war subjects were ably and tactfully handled. Prohibition, Tax-Rate Limitation, Socialism, the Future of Religious Liberty in the United States, Centralization of Power and Proportional Representation were intelligently discussed both by the members who volunteered for the exercises and by a number of speakers from the floor.

Representatives for the annual **public debate** were elected at the meeting of January 20. Messrs. Purdy, Dillon, Steltenpohl, Kenkel, Cash and McCoy comprise the privileged six. Mr. Vester will act as Chairman. Messrs. Brockman and Von der Ahe are alternates. The public debate will be held May 6, at 8 p. m., in Memorial Hall. The subject will be "Minimum Wage Legislation."

THOMAS A. GALLAGHER '17.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE, ACCOUNTS AND FINANCE.**College of Journalism and Advertising.**

The new class in Advertising was opened on November 5. Eleven young men enrolled in the class which is conducted by Mr. Ren Mulford, Jr. Mr. Mulford, a genial gentleman of great experience, is electrifying the class. The opening of this department was widely heralded in the papers, both in the East and West. This is, no doubt, owing to the fact that the new department of Advertising commended itself to the public as an excellent and progressive enterprise and to the choice of the well-known professor, Mr. Mulford, who has been sporting editor of the Post and of the Times-Star, and baseball editor of the Enquirer. He is at present chairman of the Chalmers Trophy Commission, president of the Advertisers' Club of Cincinnati, and vice-president of the Blaine-Thompson Company, advertising agents. Mr. Mulford will cover a full and thorough course of Advertising in 30 weeks, teaching two hours a week. He has adopted as text-book "Starch, Advertising, its Principles, Practices and Technique."

The work of all the classes has continued with unabated interest and an attendance which is exceptionally regular. The examinations in January have, on the whole, turned out very successfully.

The **Classes of Journalism and Advertising** have at times been combined and a lively time there was on such occasions. The students not only enjoyed the scintillation and clash of wit of the professors, but profited greatly by their experience and instruction.

Mr. Theodore J. Geisler, B. C. S., secretary of the Central Trust & Safe Deposit Co., has opened his lectures on Investments and Credits. Additional lectures will be given by Mr. Edward S. Thoman, chairman of the Ohio State Board of Accountancy. Mr. Richard Crane, of the R. G. Dun & Co., Mercantile Agency, and Mr. William E. Fox.

Mr. John E. Fitzpatrick is in charge of Agency and Partnership.

Mr. Denis F. Cash finished the subject of "Contracts" before Christmas. Owing to a severe attack of grippe he was prevented from taking up the subject of "Agency and Partnership."

Mr. Ben. B. Nelson began "Bailments and Carriers and Bankruptcy" on January 29, a course extending over fifteen weeks.

Hon. William A. Geoghegan will begin the study on "Sales" on March 8.

Senor Francisco de Soler continues his class in **Commercial Spanish**. He has announced a new class to be completed in 30 lessons. The object is to teach within 15 weeks, at two hours a week, how to read, speak and write Commercial Spanish. Senor de Soler, of the University of Barcelona, is without doubt the best teacher of Spanish in the city of Cincinnati. He fully and properly emphasizes the importance of Spanish. "The European war," he says, "has opened the market of South America to the business man of the North. Never has there been such an opportunity for business in South America. Never will there be such an opportunity again. Learn Spanish."

The **Cincinnati Chapter of Ohio Certified Public Accountants** is enlisting the interest of the students of Accountancy in the thorough preparation for the profession. Mr. J. C. Cloud, C. P. A., is Secretary-Treasurer of the Chapter. The Chapter gave a Rallying Dinner on Saturday, December 19, at the Business Men's Club. The affair was given in honor of the Accounting classes of both St. Xavier College and the Cincinnati University. Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J., Rector of St. Xavier College, delivered an address on "Ethical Landmarks in the Business World." Other speakers were Professor F. C. Hicks, of the University of Cincinnati; Dean Rogers, president of the Business Men's Club; President George Dieterle, of the Chamber of Commerce; Charles W. Dupuis, cashier of the Second National Bank. Among the members of the Faculty of St. Xavier College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance who were present were Messrs. J. D. Cloud, Frank J. Crane and H. Frey.

The toastmaster, Mr. George R. Lamb, C. B. A., paid a high tribute to the work of Accountancy at St. Xavier College.

The **Social League** has shown great activity. This was due in the first place to the increased interest taken by the individual members of the League. The monthly meetings have greatly developed the social spirit of friendship and mutual helpfulness.

In the **November meeting** the Smoker was enlivened by the recitation: "Soul of the Viatin" by Alphonse Von der Ahe, and "The Royal Archer" by Rev. John A. D. Vilbiss, S. J., and an address on "Initiative and Referendum" by Rev. F. Heiermann, S. J., President of the College. Two other addresses were delivered. The one by Mr. Ernest F. DuBrul, Professor of Industrial Organization, was a highly practical and concise exposition of "The Use of Domestic Bills of Exchange." The other by Mr. J. D. Cloud, C. P. A., Professor of

Accounting, acquainted the student body with "The Latest in the Study of Accounting in the Cincinnati Chapter of Ohio Certified Public Accountants."

The **January meeting** will long be remembered on account of the finished and elegant speech of Mr. Richard Crane, "The Young Man in Mercantile Life," and the "French Surprise," consisting of an exhibition of imitations and ventriloquism by Mr. Archie Leon French. It was noticed that the invitations which were sent out manifested up-to-date cleverness in advertising. "Get Your Share of Good Luck on the 13th of January" was a happy turn. Evidently the spirit of the advertising class and its professor affects the Social League.

The great event of the season, the **Mid-Winter Reception**, was held at the Hotel Alms on Tuesday, February second.





Athletics



A new Athletic Association; this in the opinion of the two hundred students assembled at the enthusiastic mass-meeting held early in the present scholastic year, was the best way to arouse and sustain interest in St. Xavier athletics. If this was the way, then means must be found to follow it and, on the spot, a "Ways and Means" committee was appointed. Those chosen selected Mr. Charles Purdy as their chairman and as a result of his energetic efforts soon had a new constitution ready for submission. This document, taking special cognizance of the provision made in the College Catalogue that Athletics be under the direct management of the students, clearly outlines the powers and duties of the officers of the Association.

The work of the committee met with general approval and at a special meeting of representatives from all the classes on January 4, the new constitution was formally adopted. One week later the first election of officers under the new "charter" was held and resulted as follows:

President, Charles Purdy; Vice-President, William Stiene; Secretary, Robert Kelly; Treasurer, Daniel Butler.

The following class representatives were elected by their respective classes:

Cornelius Brady, Ralph Moser, Elmer Trame, James Barry, Joseph Delay, William Dietz, Thomas Henry, Creighton M'Carthy.

The Association now numbers 164 members, the largest membership on record.

One of the first exercises of authority on the part of the newly elected President of the Athletic Association was **to organize a Rooters' Club** and appoint Al Steinkamp chief "noise-maker." That Al was the man for the job was proved by the way he rallied his followers around him in the Gym to rehearse for the Woodward basketball game. He and his hundred or more rooters did their best to help our High School team win. But,—well, Woodward was against them. The energetic cheer-leader is now outlining plans to gather around him a regular corps of assistants and to make this a permanent organization. He dares avow that when the baseball team is holding forth at Avondale, it will be before crowded hill-sides.



Academies



XAVIER ACADEMY.

On December 7 the annual **solemn reception of candidates** in the Sodality. Sixty-two new members were admitted. After the reception, Fr. James O'Neill delivered a short address. The services closed with solemn benediction given by the Reverend Rector of the College, assisted by Rev. John P. Morrissey, Director of the Junior Sodality, and Mr. Charles Metzger.

The semi-annual elections of the **Junior Literary Society** took place Wednesday, January 7. The officers for the second term are: Earl Westerfield, Vice-President; Herbert Wuest, Secretary; Arthur O'Connell, Treasurer; Joseph Kattus and Gordon Gutting, Critics; William Luttmer and Raymond Manley, Censors; Paul Crone, Leo Oberschmidt and Edward Russell, Committee on Debates.

The **High School basketball team** played its first game December 18, defeating the fast Ohio Mechanics Institute 33 to 25. The O. M. I. boys outweighed them, but still they could not break up St. Xavier's team work.

December 26 "Our Boys" met the Collegians and were defeated 20 to 15. The want of team work was due to the fact that the players were in very poor physical condition.

The **big game of the season** was played at Holy Family Gym on January 11. This quintette has defeated many of the best teams of the city. "The Boys in Blue" would have had a sure victory had it not been for the large number of fouls called on them. Eight field goals were made by St. Xavier and seven by their opponents, Big Captain Brady did excellent work and was well pleased with the efforts exerted by his co-workers. The score: 23 to 17.

Line-up:

HOLY FAMILY.		Points.	ST. XAVIER.		Points.
Budde, R. F.....	4		Kattus, R. G.....	5	
G. Niehaus, R. G.....	11		Luttmer, L. G.....	2	
Bedinghaus, C.	2		Barry, L. F.....	2	
J. Niehaus, R. F., Capt.....	6		Brady, C., Capt.....	4	
Grimmelsman, L. G.....	0		Monahan, R. F.....	4	
Total		23	Total		17

Referee, Austin Welch. Umpire, Murphy. Timekeeper, Sebastiani. Scorer, Gallagher.

They will meet the following teams: Ohio Military Institute, Milford, Austin Ideals, St. George Peerless, St. Bernard, St. Francis, Franklin and others.

The Xavier Cubs, although very light, are doing great work at basket shooting and give promise of a winning team. Their scores: Cubs 25, Glendale 6; Cubs 17, Outlaws 12; Cubs 22, Ludlow 9; Cubs 10, Glendale 7; Cubs 18, University School 24; Cubs 6, Holy Family Juniors 11.

Three basketball leagues have been organized for the respective classes.

AMERICAN.	W.	L.	NATIONAL.	W.	L.	FEDERAL.	W.	L.
Fourth Year	1	0	Second Year A	1	0	First Year B II	1	0
Sophomore	1	0	First Year B	1	0	Second Year B II . . .	1	0
Freshman	1	1	Third Year A	0	1	First Year C	0	1
Third Year B	0	2	Second Year B	0	1	First Year C II	0	1

EARL J. WESTERFIELD.

AVONDALE.

Although outweighed in every game it played, **the Academy eleven** well upheld the honor of the "white and blue" and the name of Xavier Academy in the football world. The exhibition of skill with which the admiring students and friends of Academy were favored gave evidence of long and rigorous practice. Ohio Military Institute suffered defeat at Xavier's hands by a score of 15 to 0. Norwood High School offered a stubborn resistance but was conquered 7 to 6. Wyoming High were next on Academic's list of victories, 36 to 0. With 13 to 0 against them Bond Hill handed down their colors. The final game played on Thanksgiving Day, with Norwood, who, upon their request, were given another opportunity to meet our boys, resulted in a more decided victory for Academy, the score being 7 to 0.

The high regard with which the old students of St. Xavier Academy look upon this institution became manifest lately by the eager response with which a summons for an assembly of the "old boys" was greeted. The object of this meeting was the **formation of an Alumni Association**, that the former students of the Academy may occasionally assemble to recall the good old times and renew old friendship. From the reception given the proposition there is reason to hope for its success.

An address delivered by Father Rector on Friday, January 15, concerning **The Holy Childhood**, seems to have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the students, judging from the manner in which they fell in with the idea.

The students of Academy recently had the pleasure of listening to the humorous impersonations and wonderful example of ventriloquism of the well known **Mr. Archie Leon French**.

A **new** dinner-hour diversion has been resorted to by many of the boys upon wet days. The ancient but ever interesting game of **checkers** has been introduced with the result that many are becoming really clever players.

Great interest is being shown in the **Bowling Tournament** now in progress. A new record for a single game has been established by Nor Brockman whose score is 245. Brockman's team stands highest but is being given a close race by John Frey's. John Frey has the highest average. The interest in the tournament grew apace when the splendid prizes were put on exhibition.

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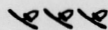
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